

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Nasty World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY, THURSDAY MAY 14, 1896.

NUMBER 7.

Why

Do people buy Hood's Sarsaparilla in preference to any other,—in fact almost to the exclusion of all others?

Because

They know from actual use that Hood's is the best, i. e., it cures when others fail. Hood's Sarsaparilla is still made under the personal supervision of the educated pharmacists who originated it.

The question of best is just as positively decided in favor of Hood's as the question of comparative sales.

Another thing: Every advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla is true, is honest.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y

Traders Deposit Bank,

MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need. W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

COMBS HOUSE,

CAMPTON, KY.

J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

CLARENDON HOTEL,

Cor. Short and Limestone Streets, LEXINGTON, KY.

JOS. M. SKAIN, Proprietor.

This house is only two squares from Lexington and Eastern (K. U.) depot, is first-class, and rates reasonable. The patronage of the mountain people is solicited, and the best treatment assured.

A. FLOYD BYRD,

Campton, Ky.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Abstracts of title furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day Mt. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

A. HOWARD STAMPER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

CAMPTON, KY.,

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

T. C. JOHNSON, J. H. SWANGO,
Campton, Hazel Green.

JOHNSON & SWANGO,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Wolfe county and circuit courts. Collections promptly made and abstracts of title furnished on short notice.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Surgery and obstetrics specialty

W. J. SEITZ,

WITH
W. M. KERR & CO.,

JOBBERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,
IRONTON, O.

It is estimated that there are 18,000 flouring mills in the United States with a capital of \$208,000,000. They pay wages amounting to about \$27,000,000 and their output is valued at \$572,000,000 annually.

THE PRESS.

DEDICATED TO THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Of late there seems to be a craze
For sentimental ditty,
All kinds of themes are treated of,
From mournful lays to witty.
But the most vital subject yet
Comes not into the mind,
The organ that propels with care
Our interest of ev'ry kind.

The press is just the moving power
Of science and of art,
The hidden truths of earth reveals,
And stamps them on the heart.
Thro' many ages of the past,
And changing scenes of time,
Its value has been told in prose,
Its merits sung in rhyme.

The earth a blank would almost be
If skill had not designed
The greatest helper of a life,
To progress e'er consigned.
The homes that dot America,
Her treasures rich and rare,
Would only live in fabled dreams,
As castles in the air.

And now, we have within our midst
A splay local sheet,
THE HERALD is a helpful friend,
In every way complete.
We gladly greet it every week,
And read its columns through,
A welcome visitor to us,
And always bright and true.

No issue e'er has gone abroad
That did not have at heart
The welfare of our mountain men,
Who act an honest part.
Its columns all are filled with truths
That edify, indeed;
Its tendency is toward the right,
And "Onward" is its creed.

It studies well the interests
Of this our native home,
Then sets to work with earnestness
To make fond wishes known,
No place can keep apace with time
In progress' beaten ways,
Unless the light of science sheds
Its all-illum'ning rays.

All men with energy and CENTS
Will not refuse to aid,
Or kindly give encouragement
TO SPENCE COOPER in his trade.
Then look ye well to all these points,
And prejudice do screen,
For there is not a wiser head
In the town of Hazel Green.
MRS. ALICE AMYX.

Written for THE HERALD.]

HEARTACHE.

BY LOWRY.

"It is just thirty years ago today that I met him. Thirty years, thirty years," said a woman to the three friends of her girlhood, Katherine, Madeline and Ethel. "Yes, it has been long since we four met, yet it is hard to realize that you are women and that you have come to see me for the last time. Do not interrupt me. I am dying, not from old age, but the worst of all ills—heartache. I would not mar one atom of your happiness by relating my sad history, if it were not for the fact that this is our last talk.

"All of you know that I once loved, yes, as much as it was possible for woman to love, but you do not know how it ended. I shall never forget how you, Katherine, helped me in the first sadness of my life. But do not weep. It grieves me that I should for a moment make you unhappy. Mine has been a sad life, but, as I have said a thousand times, 'God knows best.'

"I was young when I met Willmot, yet I loved him with my whole heart, and it was that love which has wrecked my life. I remember how happy I was when he first noticed me; how my young heart throbbed when I saw him coming towards me; how blissful were the moments we spent together, and when he would leave me with a smile or a kind word, how I would run to my room and weep for joy. Alas! I was blind, but do not blame me, I loved him. He, as you well know, loved a girl in Tennessee. Of course I hated her as much as I loved him. But alas! she was to be happy, I miserable.

"The night that Willmot married I was visiting in Boston. Well do I remember that night! There was music and laughter in the house where I was the guest, but I, the lonely, miserable girl of eighteen, was pacing the porch in agony. Try to imagine my suffering,

but I know that you happy women can not picture the torment which nearly drove me wild. I am glad that I have finished speaking of that night, the 18th of May, 17—. We now live in a new century, but this one which has brought you so much happiness, has doubled my sorrows. While in Boston I received your letters, Katherine; but for them I might not have been here today.

"Yes, Madeline, I will now tell you about Edward. I met him a year before Willmot was married. I first saw him at the theatre and was afterwards introduced to him. He seemed to like me quite well, but I was young and so merely flirted with him.

"When I was twenty-two, I married him. I did not love him, but I knew I could never marry Willmot, so I thought as Edward loved me I might accept him. I told him this, but he said he was willing to teach me to love him. I suppose he now wishes he had never seen me. Ours was a singular life—he always loving, I merely friendly.

"About a year after our marriage Willmot's wife died. Was it with happiness I read the notice of her death? I blush to say it was. I began to picture myself his bride, and for a few moments forgot my unhappy marriage. I was awakened from my happy dream by my husband calling me. It was with an aching heart that I went down to him; with cold lips that I received his usual kiss. He was so kind, so good to me, but I began to hate him.

"He asked the cause of my sadness. I pointed to the piece in the paper and he thought it was because of her death that I was unhappy. He noticed, however, that each day I grew more thin and at last took me to the seashore. There, oh! my friends, there I saw my darling, there I met Willmot.

"Don't ask me what I did, for I don't know; said that I loved him I suppose. All I remember is hearing my husband say, 'Pardon me, I will see my wife to her room; she is not at all well.' When we reached our room he laid me tenderly on the bed and with a sigh turned and looked out on the broad ocean.

"I sobbed for a long time, but at last looked at him. There he sat by the window the most perfect picture of abject despair, but I looked only with hatred. Oh, where was my heart that it could not be touched by such a picture! Soon he came to me and said, 'Can you explain this, Rachel?' Oh, how cold were his tones! I only put my hands over my eyes and said, 'Leave me, I want to be alone.' 'Yes, I will leave you and forever.' He then kissed me, and with a sigh which would have melted any woman's heart but mine left the room.

"When morning came I ordered breakfast in my room and on the table with the repast was a note. I thought, of course, it was to tell me that he had gone out fishing and would be back in a few hours, so I tossed it off the table and ate.

"After I had finished and the waiters had left, I happened to think of the letter. I leisurely picked it up and opened it. In it Edward said that he had found out the secret of my sadness and had left me forever, but not to think he loved me less, he would always adore. He did not blame me for what had happened, only he wished I had told him long ago. 'I leave you forever; it is not well that we should meet again,' is the way he closed his note.

"I was happy beyond expression. He had left me. Willmot was at the hotel and I could see him as often as I liked. I was meditating on this when my maid brought me another note. I grasped it eagerly and bade her leave the room, for I recognized Willmot's writing. The note was addressed to my husband, but as he had left I opened it. In this Willmot said that he had heard my words of greeting and knew it was best for him to leave the hotel. 'By the time you receive this I shall be many miles away.' Many miles away! I could hardly comprehend the meaning of those words. At last I realized that he, too, had left the place. I was alone! How desolate I felt! I could not weep, but only stare at the wall hoping that I would see him once more; needless.

"As night came on I grew faint. I called my maid. She helped me to bed

and I never left it for two months. When I was able to sit by the ocean I watched for Edward. I waited, but in vain. My bill at the hotel was always paid and I lived there for several years, but in all that time I never heard of Edward.

"At last I grew tired of the ocean and moved to this little house, which, I was told by the proprietor of the hotel, Edward had bought for me. I began to realize how very kind he was to me, and to love him even better than I did Willmot. Every month I received a large sum of money from him, of course, but he never directed the envelope.

"I heard the other day that he was expected down here some time in the summer, but I fear he will be too late to see me. My dear, true friends, is this not a sad story?"

As she finished speaking she fell exhausted among the pillows. Her friends gathered around her.

"Oh, help her! She is dying!" cried Ethel, as she took her hand in hers.

Just then the door opened and an elderly gentleman walked in. "How is she?" he asked, noticing the confusion.

"Almost safe in the arms of Jesus," Katherine answered.

"What! not dying? Oh, my God have mercy on me!" and springing to the side of the prostrate woman he clasped her in his arms. "Speak, darling, speak to me. I am Edward."

Katherine, Madeline and Ethel knelt around her. Soon she opened her eyes and faintly murmured, "Edward, I love you." All were weeping bitterly.

Then, with supernatural strength, she raised up and kissed the bowed head of her husband, murmuring, "It is Edward, my own Edward. At last he has come to me. Thank God, I see him before I die. My friends, farewell." She bent and kissed them all. "Weep not. I have been a wicked woman, but God still loves me." Her voice was scarcely audible now. "I leave you forever, my kind, good, faithful husband. Forgive me."

Those were her last words. With a loving glance at the faces around her, and with her head on her husband's shoulder, her spirit left this world of sorrow.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

LATE STATE NEWS.

Hugh Connors, alias John Galton, a bunco man, has been sentenced to two years in the pen for defrauding a farmer of Fayette county.

Monsieur A. Adry, of Boulogne, France, has purchased \$10,000 worth of fine trotting horses at Lexington. They will be shipped to France at once.

The residence of Alfred Board at Lebanon was destroyed by fire with all its contents, the Board family barely escaping. Cause of fire unknown.

Taylor Harris, an employe of a jeans factory at Peachers' mill, in Christian county, was badly scalded by steam while at work in the dye room.

The Licking Lumber Company has sold to the Sterling Lumber Company, of Charleston, W. Va., 15,000 acres of valuable coal and timber land in Morgan and Menifee counties.

There is a unique monument in Fernwood cemetery, at Henderson. It consists simply of a big, wide-mouthed bottle, with the name of the graves' occupant written on a piece of paper inclosed within.

Suit has been filed in the United States court at Frankfort by the Southern Mutual investment company against Post-

master McChesney, of Lexington, for withholding mail, in the sum of \$50,000 damages.

They do things in a hurry over in Lincoln county, as the following item over there would show: "Dirt for the big reservoir was broken at the water works yesterday and it is to be completed in 60 years."

Application has been filed in the county court for an election to take the sense of the voters of Clark county on the local option question. The election will be called for June 27, and the campaign promises to be a lively one.

Wesley Withers, colored, charged with running a crap game at Danville, was fined \$100 and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. Not having the money to pay his fine he will work it out after the expiration of his term in the pen.

Near Evans' Mills, Robertson county; during a fearful thunder storm, Tillie Willet, 14, was struck by lightning. Her shoes were torn from her feet and thrown some distance away. She was so badly burned and shocked that she will die.

The schedule of assets and liabilities of the estate of Col. James E. Pepper, recently assigned, has been filed. The assets foot up \$49,114.85, while the liabilities are only \$424,771.61. It is said that the assets will really be more than the sum named.

A sensational fish story comes from Jessamine county. A catfish, weighing five pounds, was caught, and on being opened a pocket book, a hymn book and a testament were found in the stomach. Nothing is mentioned of the preacher or the congregation.

Dreaming that his house was on fire, Louis Withers, a prominent citizen of Stanford, leaped from his bed, bursting a blood vessel, which resulted in his death a few minutes later. He was 49 years old, and one of the best known men in Lincoln county.

W. A. McKenzie, a young farmer of Christian county, while hunting a chicken hawk, met with an accident that may cause the loss of his feet. In some way his gun was discharged, and the load took effect in his right foot. The member is horribly shattered.

Mr. Link, of Upper Garrard, says that a mad dog got into his flock of sheep and bit several before it could be killed. It also bit several head of cattle belonging to him and surrounding neighbors. About this time last year a mad dog bit several head of cattle for him.

Daniel Short, a small boy of Jackson, picked up a bottle containing some kind of liquid, and for amusement persuaded Seldom Back, another boy about his size, to take a drink from the bottle. As a result of his folly little Back has been very ill ever since. The bottle contained poison.

A friend tells us that he recently went into the store of a business man who did not advertise and was surprised to find him busy. The storekeeper, it transpired, had the itch and a Waterbury watch, and when he wasn't scratching himself he was winding his watch.—Mayfield Monitor.

Danville is hard on keepers of crap games. Last week George Griffin was taken to the penitentiary for one year and fined \$500 for running a crap game. Under the same judgment he is forever barred from voting or holding public office in the state, and the law forbids pardoning by the governor.

What We Inherit

We are not to blame for. We cannot be held responsible for the dispositions and tendencies which we derive from our ancestors, nor are we responsible for the germs of disease which may manifest themselves in our blood as a heritage from former generations. But we are responsible if we allow these germs to develop into serious diseases which will impair our usefulness and destroy our happiness. We are responsible if we transmit to our descendants the disease germs which it is possible for us to eradicate by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier. This medicine has power to make rich, red blood and establish perfect health in place of disease.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, T. E. S. KY.

FUTURE OF ASHANTEE.

The English Programme to Develop the African Gold Coast.

Now that the object of sending the recent expedition to Ashantee is attained, and British protection is extended to the countries from the gold coast as far as 100 miles north of Coomassie, it is worth considering what effect will be produced on the future of our gold coast colony. The country in the interior differs entirely in its character from the forest-clad land of Ashantee. The northern limit of the forest is reached about 60 miles north of Coomassie, where the country becomes an open grassy plain, relieved at intervals by patches of woodland. This plain extends north and east toward the Niger, and to the eastward the coast belt of forest is considerably narrower than opposite Coomassie. The air of the plains is dry and healthy; elephants, lions and other game abound; the natives own large herds of cattle and horses; further to the north and east various Housa tribes, such as the Grushi, Dagomba, Yoruba, etc., live in large numbers, and are engaged in trading and hiring themselves out as soldiers to protect caravans. The language of this interesting race is stated to be spoken by 16,000,000 people, and it is the lingua franca of this part of Africa. It is the men of this race who keep the most horses and own the largest herds of cattle, and with this comparatively rich and populous country it is hoped we may open up a flourishing trade.

In furtherance of this object, a narrow-gauge railway line has been surveyed, and the construction of it will probably soon be commenced. Starting from Saltpond, on the coast between Accra and Cape Coast, it will proceed by the valley to the east of the Adansi hills to its northern terminus near the edge of the plains in the neighborhood of Mampon. This route offers few difficulties to the engineer, and promises economical construction, but, as Saltpond is an unimportant place, a coast line of railway will connect it with Cape Coast and Accra. Further trading facilities will be given by the construction of a breakwater to protect the landing at the last-mentioned place. It is by measures such as these that the colonial secretary will improve what he calls the undeveloped estates of the crown.

The opening up of the forest country appears at present almost a hopeless task. The air is so damp that it is impossible to make clearings by burning the undergrowth, while the trees are so close, and the natives are by nature so indolent, that nothing in the way of pioneer work can be expected from native enterprise. So long as they have enough to eat, the coast and forest tribes will do nothing unless forced by the more vigorous white man. Doubtless, gold exists in abundance in this forest land, but speculators must remember that it is a very difficult matter prospecting for gold here as compared with the open, healthy veldt of South Africa and the thinly wooded plains of west Australia. No European could do manual labor on the west coast and live, and even as overseers the death rate would be very high, for it is well known that where the ground in the forest is disturbed the malaria arising from it increases its deadliness. Therefore the gold coast cannot, under present conditions, be considered a promising region for the investor in gold or any other mines. For the same reason we must be prepared to lose some valuable lives before the projected railway is completed. — Ashantee Cor., London Standard.

WORKSHOPS MAY BE DUSTED.

New Apparatus Which Will Conserve the Health of Operatives.

It is a rule of many, if not all, insurance companies, in taking a risk upon a wood-working shop, that the fine dust which accumulates in great quantities upon the beams and joists overhead and elsewhere shall be periodically removed. They must be kept clean. It has been shown by experience that this dust develops explosive qualities to almost as great an extent as that of flour mills. By ordinary methods the removal is attained with considerable labor, and in proportion to the amount of labor is apt to be the degree of neglect. At the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad shops at Fort Madison, Ia., compressed air is made to perform the task with but little work. Air pipes are run through the building overhead, and at intervals they are provided with fittings for the attachment of hose. Once a week a man is detailed who goes aloft and blows the air into every crevice and over every exposed surface. As a result the timbers become as clean and as free from dust as if the building had but just been completed. The improvement in appearance alone ought to be worth the trifling expenditure. The practice affords another and a very neat illustration of the many possibilities of compressed air service. — Railway Age.

—By a divine instinct men's minds distrust ensuing danger; as by proof we see the waters swell before a boisterous storm. — Shakespeare.

A POEM OF SOULS.

Reed—McKinley is a daisy,
And I would like to see
Him set the nomination
And lead the G. O. P.
Niti!

Morton—I want to help the party
With heart and head and hand,
And shall be happy having
McKinley lead the band.
Niti!

Allison—On serious reflection,
I have concluded that
McKinley is a leader
Who knows where he is at.
Niti!

Manderson—I'm glad to know McKinley
Has joshed me, and 'I see
That later at St. Louis
He wins the victory.
Niti!

Davis—I've always felt we needed
One like McKinley to
Come to the front, like Moses,
And take the party through.
Niti!

Cullom—I take peculiar pleasure
In rising here to state
I'm happy to surrender
My chance to one so great.
Niti!

Quay—I'm going to help McKinley
Swipe all the other states,
And by and by I'll throw him
The Pentecost delegates.
Niti!

McKinley—Ah, gentlemen, I thank you
For what you've said to-day;
You know that I'm relying
On every word you say.
Niti!

And, gentlemen, I hasten
To give you now a bit
Of news; to wit, you're booked
For McKinley's Cabl-Niti!
—N. Y. Sun.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

—Does Mr. McKinley realize that every Napoleon has his Waterloo?—St. Paul Globe.

—It looks as though McKinley had dumped some of the "fat" into Bill Chandler's balliwick.—Illinois State Register.

—Maj. McKinley and his logical bill led the republicans to the worst two defeats ever inflicted on the party since its

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

A Democrat's Forecast of the Probable Outcome.

Forecasting the initial ballot in a national convention is always a hazardous undertaking. The anti-McKinley manager who essayed the work in the Chronicle of March 17 may have put the McKinley strength too high or too low. His estimate of 233 votes for McKinley might easily be too high if the credentials committee in the St. Louis convention is organized against the McKinley candidacy, but if that committee is organized on McKinley lines it will certainly be found much too low.

There will be nearly if not quite 100 contests coming up to St. Louis from the districts of the south. It is assumed that practically all of these will be decided against McKinley from the fact that the national republican committee, which will make up the temporary roll of delegates, may be supposed to seat the anti-McKinley men, constituting in this way a majority against McKinley in the temporary delegation from every southern state, which would, working in conjunction with the Morton, Quay, Reed, Allison, Cullom, Manderson and silver bullion states of the north, enable the anti-McKinley managers to organize the committee on credentials.

This line of management is entirely practicable if the anti-McKinley leaders stick together. But they will not so stick. If advance bulletins of the first ballot in St. Louis are now to become fashionable I will make one. McKinley will have 350 votes on that ballot. This can only be made possible through a contract between him and Quay and Platt, but my estimate is based upon the conviction that that contract will be made, just as one, evidently, has been made between McKinley and Foraker, in Ohio. With Quay and Platt assured of their potency under a McKinley administration, the national republican committee could not be used against the Ohioan in the south, even with Allison's own Clarkson in the secretaryship of that body.



ANOTHER SPRING BLIZZARD.

—Chicago Chronicle.

organization 40 years ago.—Chicago Chronicle.

—The republicans of Kentucky are fast finding out that W. O. Bradley has no idea above his own selfish and ridiculous personal ambition, and that he is as small a man as his own presidential prospects.—Louisville Courier Journal.

—Ex-President Harrison is said to favor anyone for the presidential nomination except McKinley, whom he does not regard as of presidential size. At least so says a rumor going the rounds of the press. If true, we beg to remind Benjamin that McKinley does not have to wear his grandfather's hat to make him popular with the people.—Toledo Blade (Rep.).

—McKinley seems to have engendered a feeling of bitterness on the part of all the other candidates which will work very seriously against his chances in the convention. The impression prevails that he has carried the "grab" policy too far and has invaded the fields of his rivals without any adequate excuse. This has angered all the other candidates, and so they will all be more or less unfriendly to McKinley in the convention.—Boston Globe.

McKinley's Financial Views.

Yes, it is true that Mr. McKinley's speeches in the house of representatives several years ago showed a strong leaning toward silver. He spoke earnestly for the protection of the nation's silver product. It is also true that he spoke vaguely for a policy which would keep gold and silver money "side by side" in the national currency. These things are matters of record and known to all students of recent congressional history. Since then all that the people have known about Mr. McKinley's financial views is that he has a very great desire to propitiate both sides of the controversy. And in this position he has plenty of company. Most of the candidates now before the country are not saying a word more than is absolutely necessary. Mr. McKinley could make a great hit by speaking out like a man and telling what he thinks on the money question.—Chicago News (Ind.).

And in addition to such an invaluable service to McKinley on the first ballot, Platt and Quay, inspired by that quality of gratitude which is a lively sense of favors yet to come, could give McKinley enough votes out of the middle states to nominate him whenever Platt should drop Morton. He might drop him on the second ballot, or he might not. But time is not necessarily of the essence of such contracts as I am convinced McKinley has made, or will make, with Platt and Quay.

The question is not one of McKinley's political morals. There are managers in politics, as in pugilism. The managers of McKinley are the tariff plutocrats of this country—the men who made the McKinley law in 1890, which, as Mr. Carnegie has told us, was, as drafted by McKinley, simply an enactment, with blank schedules to be filled in by the representatives of "infant industries." They filled them in to such purpose that the country revolted against high protection. Nobody knows better than the tariff managers that the revolt is not over. Present hope of republican success is not due to a belief that a republican victory means a return to blank tariff schedules to be filled in by tariff plutocrats. A republican congress, with Allison in the white house, would never give the plutocrats what they want. In no other way by the election of McKinley can the country be convinced that McKinleyism is approved.

That fact explains the money power which is behind the McKinley candidacy. It explains the political power behind that candidacy. It explains the tremulous and fear-some assurances of Senator Cullom and Senator Aldrich and Mr. Clarkson that Mr. McKinley is not alone responsible for the McKinley law. But it is vain for them to appeal to the tariff plutocrats for help. The ox knoweth his owner, but the owner knoweth also his ox. The St. Louis convention will be a triumph of tariff plutocracy. Morton will be sacrificed, Allison will be slaughtered, McKinley will be nominated.—Chicago Chronicle.

FATE THAT BEFALLS BIRDS.

Some of Them Commit Suicide and Others Die by Accident.

Many strange accidents have occurred to birds while feeding. An Irish naturalist once observed a dunlin behaving very curiously on the seashore. The bird rose in the air and flew for a short distance, then alighted and shook its head violently in a vain endeavor to detach a round lump observable upon its bill. The incumbrance proved to be a cockle which the dunlin had found open, and, innocently attempting to negotiate, had been trapped by it. This kind of bivalve accomplishment no less an authority than Mr. Tegetmeyer declares to be not at all uncommon on our shores. A Whitstable cockle recently bore testimony to the veteran naturalist's assertion by capturing a green linnet by one of its toes.

A poor little chaffinch was found dead in the neighborhood of Epsom a short time ago with its lower mandible firmly imbedded in the shell of a beech nut, that had become so inextricably fixed that the bird had died from starvation. A hen pheasant was not long since observed by a sportsman flying round and round in the most unaccountable fashion, and on being shot was discovered to have a large oak leaf impaled upon its beak so as to completely obscure its vision.

Heron sometimes choke themselves by attempting to swallow large trout, how large may be judged to some extent from the fact that I recently dissected a bird of this species in whose maw was a large water rat in a perfect state of preservation. An elder duck has been killed through attempting to swallow a toad, and a bullhead or "miller's thumb" has proved too much for a water rail, a little grebe, and a kingfisher. A member of the last named species was discovered a season or two back in a Cambridgeshire ditch by some sportsmen, unable to fly except for a short distance, and upon being caught and examined it was found that the bird had a young pike protruding from its gullet. As soon as the fish, which measured no less than four and three-quarters inches, was removed the kingfisher flew away, apparently none the worse for its experience.

Birds that employ hair in the building of their nests sometimes come to grief by hanging, but I should say very seldom indeed in the following singular manner. A gentleman who had a number of colts upon his farm one day noticed a small bird entangled in the long hair of the tail of one of them. The little creature had evidently been in search of material wherewith to line its nest and by some unaccountable accident had become entangled in the unkempt hair of the colt's tail. Cases of birds getting their feet entangled in bits of yarn or string are not at all uncommon, especially in the breeding season, and whenever the victim of this kind of mishap happens to get the impediment fastened in a tree or among stones death is pretty sure to be the result, unless prompt human aid is forthcoming. In the spring of the year, as everybody knows, the dead leaves of pumpas grass fall to the ground and curl up like the shavings from a carpenter's bench. A correspondent mentions finding a poor robin which had accidentally got one of these pieces coiled around its neck so tightly that it was unable to feed and died of starvation.—Cornhill Magazine.

PASTE THEM IN A SCRAP BOOK

Advantages of Preserving Clippings from Current Newspapers.

There are many good things occasionally in the daily papers, editorials, local, literary matter, etc., which could be preserved in the scrap book. And here and there, in a magazine, is a story or some article or contribution of value because of its research in and knowledge of the arts and sciences, while the rest of the periodical is of comparatively little use. A scrap book of such matters would be found exceedingly interesting, if for nothing else.

The writer has seen and perused scrap books which were gems in their way. The collators display care, taste and judgment in the selection of the articles for preservation, and it was really a treat to look them over and here and there peruse the entire article. Of course, it depends altogether on the collector, whether he or she has the requisite tact and intelligence for classifying and arranging articles in such a medium. It may well be called an education in itself, and the owners of such books are generally people of far more than ordinary intelligence.

Events of importance, matters of great moment, interesting local incidents, selections of genuine poetry, and many other things incident to such a collection or compilation, make up a work which at times proves to be of value, not only for reference, but as a reminder of scenes, incidents and occasions which but faintly linger in memory. Let the old scrap book once more have its place in every family. Teach the children its advantages and uses, and have them assist in its preparation. The result will be a happy, well-informed, intelligent household, one which your friends will delight to visit often, and with you once in awhile indulge in a reminiscence evening which will be made all the more enjoyable when the scrap book is brought forth and its contents examined.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Independent.

—Sir Thomas More was sent to parliament before he was 22.

Deafness is Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a roaring sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

A crown is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—Bacon.

Fair and Fruitful

As the West is, it is often malarious. But it is pleasant to know that a competent safeguard in the shape of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters exists, which absolutely nullifies the poison of miasm. Western bound emigrants should bear this in mind. Noshould it be forgotten, the Bitters is a sterling remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints and rheumatism.

The Sheriff—"You say that fellow who broke jail left a message behind?" The Keeper—"Yes, sir, here it is on this paper—"Excuse the liberty I take!"—Truth.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 309 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

A CLOCK with its ponderous embowlements of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication.—Lamb.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$1 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Some people have moral sentiment who have no moral sense. There is a distinction and a difference.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dieters, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

A MAN'S best friend are his ten fingers.—Robert Collyer.

Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 73 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor." I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists \$1. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy to take. 25 cents.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago. For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

For your Protection CATARRH

We positively state that this remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug. Nasal Catarrh is a local disease and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 25 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 10 Warren Street, New York

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. J. N. WOODLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

STRIKING EXAMPLES

Of Many Great Men Who Had Low Beginnings.

You Can Not Keep a Good Man Down—However Oppressed He Is Bound to Rise—Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Dr. Talmage chose for his text last Sunday Genesis xxxvii. 28: "They drew and lifted Joseph out of the pit and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for 20 pieces of silver." Genesis xiv. 26: "He is governor over all the land of Egypt."

You can not keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain point of elevation. He will bring him to that though it cost him a thousand worlds. You sometimes find men fearful they will not be properly appreciated. Every man comes to be valued at just what he is worth. You can not write him up, and you can not write him down. The facts are powerfully illustrated in my subject. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph. How his jealous brothers threw him into a pit, but seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants trudging along on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; Joseph there sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office. How by Joseph's integrity he raised himself to high position in the realm, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary. How in prison he commanded respect and confidence. How by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the realm, the Bismarck of his century. How in the time of famine Joseph had the control of a magnificent storehouse which he had filled during seven years of plenty. How when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn, he sent them home with the beasts of burden borne down under the heft of the corn sacks. How the sin against their brother which had so long been hidden came out at last and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness—the only revenge he took.

You see, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From his servant no honor or confidence was withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and released from close confinement he became general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar, or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy by which the man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has demeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all this is hypocrisy. There is a great deal of hypocrisy in the church and there is a great deal of hypocrisy outside the church. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a man who shows that he has really become a child of God, and is what he professes to be. You can not despise a son of the Lord God Almighty. Of course we have no admiration for the sham of religion.

I was at a place a few hours after the ruffians had gone into the rail train and demanded that the passengers throw up their arms, and then these ruffians took the pocketbooks, and Satan comes and suggests to a man that he throw up his arms in hypocritical prayer and pretension, and then steals his soul. For the mere pretension of religion we have abhorrence. Redwald, the king, after baptism, had an altar for Christian sacrifice and an altar for sacrifice to the devils, and there are many men now attempting the same thing—half a heart for God and half a heart for the world—and it is a dead failure, and it is a caricature of religion, and the only successful assault ever made on Christianity is the inconsistency of its professors. You may have a contempt for pretension to religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all that there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration, and you can not help it. Though that man be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discoursing was beneath his rulers, by an irrevocable law of your nature, Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph. When Eudoxia, the empress, threatened Chrysostom with death, he made the reply, "Tell the empress I fear nothing but sin." Such a scene as that compels the admiration of the world. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for a thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of that unconquerable apostle. Paul did

not cower before Felix; Felix cowered before Paul. The infidel and worldly are compelled to honor in their hearts, although they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustful in losses, triumphant in death. I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress; Howard passing from dungeon to lazzaretto with healing for the body and soul; Elizabeth Fry going to the profligacy of Newgate prison to shake its obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Philippi, driving open the doors and snapping loose the chain, as well as the lives of thousands of followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man said to me in the cars: "What is religion? Judging from the character many professors of religion I do not admire religion." I said: "Now, suppose we went to an artist in the city of Rome and while in his gallery asked him: 'What is the art of painting?' would he take us out in a low alley and show us a mere daub of a pretender at painting? or would he take us down into the corridors and show us the Rubens, and the Raphaels, and the Michael Angelos? When we asked him: 'What is the art of painting?' he would point to the works of these great masters, and say: 'That is painting.' Now, you propose to find the mere caricature of religion, to seek after that which is mere pretension of a holy life, and you call that religion. I point you to the splendid men and women whom this Gospel has blessed and lifted and crowned. Look at the masterpieces of Divine grace if you want to know what religion is."

We also learn from this story of Joseph that the result of persecution is elevation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers, and his false imprisonment, Joseph never would have become a governor. Everybody accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Men rise to high positions through misrepresentation. Public abuse is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could not have achieved. Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed, just because they are not of enough importance to be abused. It is the nature of men—that is, of all generous and reasonable men—to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the fault of those who are the subjects of attacks while attempting to drive back the slanderers. Persecution is elevation. Helen Stirk, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice to-day; we have lived together many happy years; this is the happiest time of all our life; you see we are to be happy together forever. Be brave, now, be brave. I will not say 'Good-night' to you, for we shall soon be in the kingdom of our father together." Persecution shows the hero and heroine. I go into another department and I find that those great denominations of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly. No good man was ever more violently maltreated than John Wesley—belied and caricatured and slandered until one day he stood in a pulpit in London, and a man arose in the audience and said: "You were drunk last night," and John Wesley said: "Thank God, the whole catalogue is now complete. I have been charged with everything but that!" His followers were hooted at and maligned and called by every detestable name that infernal ingenuity could invent, but the hotter the persecution the more rapidly they spread, until you know what a great host they have become and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over! It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterians. It was persecution that gave our land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yea, I might go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The ribald mockery, the hounding and thirsting, the unjust charge, the ignominious death, when all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the cross, was the introduction of the religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance and our eternal salvation. The state sometimes said to the church: "Come, take my hand and I will help you." What was the result? The church went back and it lost its estate of holiness, and it became ineffective. At other times the state said to the church: "I will crush you." What has been the result? After the storms have spent their fury the church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased, and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before. Read all history and you will find that true. The church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in his hand, by the light of which the church has

advanced to her present, glorious position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the Gospel chariot. The scaffolds of martyrdom have been the stairs by which the church mounted.

Learn also from our subject that sin will come to exposure. Long ago had those brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had made the old father believe that his favorite child was dead. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this long suppressed crime. The smallest iniquity has a thousand tongues, and they will blab out exposure. Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep and their oxen; but when he got down there among the pastures, he saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat to kill, so he thought he would steal them. Nobody would know it. He drove these stolen sheep and oxen toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how he had executed his mission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out and Samuel said to the blushing and confused Saul: "What meaneth the bleating of the sheep that I hear and the bellowing of the cattle?" Ah! my hearer, you can not keep an iniquity still. At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow. Achan can not steal the Babylonish garment without being stoned to death, nor Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests. These thieves, these burglars, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins, they all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down it would never come to resurrection; but there was some shoe that answered to the print in the soil, some false keys found in their possession, some bloody knife that

betrayed them of the death, and the

year life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you trifling, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little. God's plans are magnificent beyond comprehension. He molds us, and turns and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to him as the flight of a shuttle. The most terrific occurrence does not make God tremble. The most triumphant achievement does not lift Him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes out through the centuries, and nations rise and fall, and eras pass, and the world changes, but God still keeps the undivided mastery, linking event to event and century to century. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! I was years ago in New Orleans at the exposition rooms, when a telegram was sent to the president of the United States at Washington, and we waited some 15 or 20 minutes and then the president's answer came back, and then the presiding officer waved his handkerchief and the signal was sent to Washington that we were ready to have the machinery of the exposition started, and the president put his finger on the electric button, and instantly the great Corliss wheel began to move—rumbling, rumbling, rolling, rolling. It was overwhelming, and 15,000 people clapped and shouted. Just one finger at Washington started that vast machinery, hundreds and hundreds of miles away, and I thought then as I think now, that men sometimes touch influences that respond in the far distance, 40 years from now, 50 years from now, 1,000 years from now—1,000,000 years from now—one touch sounding through the ages.

We also learn from this story the propriety of laying up for the future. During the seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded storehouse. The life of most men in a worldly respect is divided into years of plenty and famine. It is seldom that any man passes through life without at least seven years of plenty. During those seven years your business bears a rich harvest. You scarcely know where all the money comes from, it comes so fast. Every bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract a few bad debts. You are astonished with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You wonder how men can be content with a small business, gathering in only a few hundred dollars, while you reap your thousands. Those are the seven years of plenty. Now Joseph has time to prepare for the threatened famine, for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be sick, you will be unfortunate, you will be defrauded. There will be hard times. You will be disappointed, and, if you have no storehouse upon which to fall back, you may be famine-struck. We have no admiration for this denying one's self all personal comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of hoarding up, this grasping, grasping for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get; this always being poor because, as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can find another dollar so that it can carry it home on its back. We have a contempt for all those things, but there is an intelligent and noble-minded forecast which we love to see in men who have families and kindred depending upon them for the blessing of education and home. God sends us to the insects for a lesson, which, while they do not stint themselves in the present, do not forget their duty to forecast the future. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

MORE than 40,000,000 small fish were placed in Lake Erie recently by the New York state fish hatchery.

A BILL to make Andrew Jackson's birthday a legal holiday has been introduced in the New York legislature.

STEPHEN CRANE, the novelist, is fond of masquerading as a tramp and living temporarily in the haunts of the hobo.

THE Teachers' college of New York city has been given \$250,000 and will proceed to add a western wing to the college building.

EXPERIMENT that have been making for some time past in growing tobacco in Alameda county, California, are showing satisfactory results.

HANDTACK is doomed in the French navy. M. Lockroy has ordered that soft bread baked on board shall henceforth be served out to the sailors instead of ship's biscuit.

VESEVUS is again active. Liquid lava flowing from many little outlets from the crater opened last July and making the mountains very picturesque at night.

AFTER 1899 Sebastopol will no longer be a commercial port, and the new port of Theodosia, built by the Russian government, and just completed, will take its place.

BECAUSE of the mild winter and the unusually light fall of snow the Yosemite valley is open to tourists much earlier this year than usual. The first coach load of passengers, numbering 14 tourists, went over the route into the valley recently.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Senator Proctor, of Vermont, is considered the most solemn-looking man in the United States senate. In this connection it may be remarked that he made his fortune in the manufacture of gravestones.

—One of the friends of the Duc d'Aumale the other day, in talking to the prince of the coming marriage of the second daughter of the Duc de Chartres to the son of Marshal MacMahon, referred to its possible political effects. "Yes," said the former commander of the Seventh corps, "we have been forbidden to give our sons to the army, so we give our daughters."

—The familiar song, "I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree," has attached to it a bit of royal romance. It was written by a young nobleman, who became enamored of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the British throne, which event destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine set to music by Wellington Gurnsey.

—Pope Leo XIII. has presented to the queen regent of Spain the Palazzo Attempo in Rome, which he purchased recently for 1,200,000 francs. The palace was formerly a monastery and was rebuilt and decorated by Cardinal Marco, of Attempo. Recently the queen regent of Spain expressed a strong desire to own a palace in Rome, and the pope has now gratified her wish.

—Charles H. Hemming, of Gainesville, Tex., who has just given \$20,000 for a monument to the confederate dead, to be erected in Jacksonville, Fla., is a native of that city and served in the confederate army throughout the war. The monument is to be 60 feet high, surmounted by a heroic bronze statue of a confederate private soldier, with life-size statues of Lee, Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston and Gen. Dickinson, of Florida.

MEASURED BY HIS YARD STICK.

How a Lot Owner Got Even with an Avaricious Neighbor.

Cats are said to have nine lives, but there is more than one way of killing them. Two brick houses standing side by side in a street west of Central park are standing witnesses of the truth of this bewhiskered proverb. Not many months ago there were two vacant lots where the house now stands. The owner of one of the lots decided to build. When the walls of the new house were about completed the owner of the adjoining lot decided to follow his example. He employed a surveyor to stake out the house. The surveyor discovered that the walls of the house in course of erection on the other lot extended just one inch over the property line. He informed his employer of the fact, who immediately communicated with the owner of the property, demanding an exorbitant sum for the property accidentally appropriated.

The owner of lot No. 1 did not prove a complacent victim to the extortion. He at once gave orders to have the offending wall torn down and rebuilt. The other man, rather disappointed at being a victim of his own avarice, proceeded with the erection of the second house, building his wall close against that of the house first erected.

When the second house was all completed the owner moved in. A few days afterward he was dumfounded to receive a notice similar to the one he had sent out himself, demanding the same amount as he had named, the reason being stated, "the walls of the house you have just completed and are now occupying extend one inch over the property line on my property."

He employed a surveyor again and found that the statement was only too true. What had happened was this: The owner of the first offending wall, when he had had it torn down, had, with deliberation and malice aforethought, caused the wall to be rebuilt one inch on his own side of the line, realizing that the second house would probably be built close against the first. There was a choice of two things for the owner of lot No. 2 to do—either to move out of the house in which he had just got settled with his family and have it rebuilt or to pay the amount demanded for the one inch of property. As he had set the price himself, he felt that there was little use in taking it to the courts. He accordingly paid the price demanded and received a deed for one inch of land.—N. Y. Sun.

Founder of the Red Cross Society.

Dr. Henri Dunant, who, jointly with his friend and fellow citizen, Moynier, chairman of the Society of Public Utility at Geneva, founded the Red Cross society, is living almost universally forgotten in the hospice of Helden, in the Swiss canton of Appenzel. It was the horror and disgust with which he contemplated the terrible scenes that attended or immediately followed the battle of Solferino, June 24, 1859, that first moved him to make an appeal to the nations to take common action for the protection of the sick and wounded in war. Baffled for a long time by opposition or indifference, Dr. Dunant's efforts were at length rewarded by the conclusion, in August, 1864, of the Geneva convention and the institution of the Red Cross society. It is not doubted that statues will be erected to Dunant after his death, but can nothing be done, ask his friends, to impart a little more comfort into what still remains to him of life?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor
CHAS. E. HANICHT, Business Manager
and Associate Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY..... May 14, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce W. M. BECKNER, of Clark county, as a candidate for Congress, from the Tenth district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYRD, of Campton, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

PURSUANT to a call by the state executive committee, the Democrats of Wolfe county are requested to meet at Campton on Saturday, May 30, at 2 o'clock p. m., in mass convention, for the purpose of sending delegates to the Democratic state convention, to be held at Lexington, June 3, to select delegates to attend the National Democratic convention at Chicago, July 7, 1896.

C. C. HANKS, Chairman.

J. R. CARROLL, Secretary.

LACONIC LIVE NEWS.

A DECREE ordering the sale of the Northern Pacific railroad has been signed.

THE Populists of Kentucky will meet at Louisville June 14 in state convention.

THE richest man in Germany is not a brewer but Krupp, the maker of cannons. His income is said to be \$1,800,000 annually.

THE great Jackson case at Newport was given to the jury Tuesday afternoon, but we have not heard anything further up to the present time.

MISS JULIA STEPHENSON daughter of the vice-president, and Rev. Martin Hardin, son of Hon. P. Wat Hardin, will be married in Washington City, May 28th.

SIX MEN, known as the Buck gang, are to die on the old federal gallows at Fort Smith, Ark., July 1. They received their sentences with the utmost indifference.

A HOGSHEAD of tobacco weighing 2,700, pounds was sold on the breaks in Cincinnati the other day. It came from West Virginia and is probably the heaviest one ever offered.

THE largest gold brick ever cast in the Black Hills was recently deposited in a Deadwood bank. It weighed a trifle less than 125 pounds and was worth \$30,000. It was the result of a fifteen days output.

MAINE'S forests are assessed at \$35,250,000 and are worth vastly more, as a matter of course. Maine is an intelligent state, but it is not setting the example it should on the subject of forestry.

The committee having in charge the Hopkins-Kendall contest have by a party vote decided in favor of Hopkins. They threw out the Clark county vote, two precincts in Knott county, and the Jackson precinct in Breathitt. Hopkins may take seat by the 20th inst.

HOLMES, the multi-murderer, expiated his crimes on the scaffold at Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia, last Thursday. His neck was broken in the fall. In his last speech on the scaffold he went back on his late sensational confession and denied having killed anyone.

THE state Prohibition convention will meet in Covington, May 25 and 29. Geo. W. Bain and John G. Wooley, will address a mass meeting, Monday evening, the 25th. One and one-third fare for the round trip will be given by all railroads leading to Covington, or Cincinnati.

THE Shah of Persia was shot Friday last as he was entering the sanctuary for devotion. The assassin was disguised as a woman, and took deliberate aim, the bullet entering the region of the heart, causing death in a few minutes. It is

thought the assassin is a revolutionary fanatic.

MARK the prediction. The state Democratic convention will adopt a free silver platform and so will the national convention at Chicago. In event, however, that they fail to do so, a three cornered ticket will be in the field, as the people are evidently and unmistakably for silver.

IF THE Tenth district had the settling of the financial question, Kentucky would go twenty to one in favor of sound money.—Winchester Democrat.

That's where you are mistaken, Charley. You have not canvassed the district, and when you do you will see your mistake. The silver men constitute 70 per cent of the voters.

AN ACRE of locust timber planted and well cared for for 20 years would be worth more than an ordinary farm, says the Wisconsin Agriculturist. Iron posts are already being tried, because of the scarcity of fence posts in many regions of the country. The yellow locust is exceedingly durable, is easily propagated from seed, and is a rapid grower.

WILLIAM BISHOP, an Ohio farmer, while in Tiffin last week, says that when he left his home he had a field of wheat out in the head and another of corn that was half a foot tall. He accounted for this by saying that in these fields he has a number of gas wells that are burning all the time and the heat from this source has hastened the growth. He paid \$7,000 for this farm before the oil boom, but now has four oil wells on the land that bring him an income of \$700 a month, and he has refused \$50,000 for the farm by oil speculators.

What Is the Question?

What is the main question before the people of the United States in this year 1896?

Is it tariff or money?

The almost universal judgment now is that the St. Louis convention will nominate Major McKinley for president. He is the Republican of the hour. The wide spread preference for him might be accepted as proof that tariff must be the main issue; but still the conventions which declare for the Ohio man express themselves with much emphasis on the money question—some for gold and some for silver. It would please the Major and his friends to have the silver subject made secondary in political consideration and to overshadow every other topic with protection. That is the Major's strong hold. That is where he catches those who think that because the country did not have the McKinley tariff law during the hard times the restoration of that measure to the statute books would pave the public highways and byways with gold and silver and precious stones. The sentiment which, joined to a protracted and effective organization, is carrying the Major to a nomination has not much body to it. He is a hero of a past achievement. His name is given to a law which no party would dare put back on the statute books. Protection is a good enough rallying cry to get the nomination with and avoid embarrassing questions, but the greatest inquiry is as to Major McKinley's views on finance. The national convention at St. Louis will be obliged to make a definite declaration on silver. It will be presented with the opportunity to vote directly on a resolution for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. It will no doubt reject such a resolution and put its candidates on a gold or straddle platform. Either will be against silver.

The Democratic convention at Chicago will be squarely confronted with silver. There is no doubt that the money issue is the leading one among Democrats. The tariff has been side-tracked. The administration gold men do not talk tariff. They bend their entire energies to managing Democratic conventions in the interest of gold. The free silver men meet them on this ground. The fight is on. If the Democratic national convention is wise it will take up the silver cause.

Then the McKinley people may cry that the issue is tariff, and that they are not going to allow themselves to be embarrassed about bimetalism. The Democrats may respond that the people are tired of tariff tinkering, and that the battle is to be on money.

There is no doubt, under such circumstances, as to how the issue will be made up. The Republican party and its candidate will be driven to a gold platform. Candidates cannot always have a choice of issues. It would be pleasant indeed for a man to select the road on which he was to run for office. No doubt Major McKinley would be delighted to be elec-

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

ted simply on the ground that he is an agreeable gentleman. That would be less trouble to him than even the tariff. Mr. Reed might be happiest to run for vice-president on a platform of parliamentary reform. He could not choose though. He would be obliged to walk up to the gold standard.

Silver! silver! silver! This is going to ring in the ears of McKinley and everybody else till election day in November. It is the platform on which Democracy can unite and win. A gold declaration at Chicago would invite a division, turn thousands of Democratic and Republican voters to the Populist column, and throw the election of president into house of representatives.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To The Public.

Having disposed of my stock of merchandise and retired from business, I desire all who are indebted to me, by note, account or otherwise, to call and settle at once. I can be found at my old stand, so give this your immediate attention. Thankful for your past patronage, I am

Respectfully yours,

JOHN M. ROSE.

GREATEST CLOTHING SALE!

IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 4,

And Continuing Until Closed Out.

The Largest and Best Stock of Clothing in Kentucky.

REGARDLESS OF VALUE!

REGARDLESS OF COST!

REGARDLESS OF PRICE!

We do not care what prices competitors name, we will take 25 per cent off of same goods. In our stock we have Fifteen Hundred Suits of Clothing, costing from \$12, \$15, \$20 and \$25, which we have put the knife to the core.

COME AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE FOR \$7.50.

Nothing reserved in this lot. But Bring the Cash With You When You Come! One Hundred and Fifty Middlesex Flannel Suits, sewed with silk thread, and new fresh goods, at \$7.00 per suit, color guaranteed.

THIS IS A CORKER!

Four Hundred and Fifty Suits from our last sale, which sold at \$4.99, and worth \$10 and \$12, at \$3.99. Pants at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1, worth \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. One Hundred pair Pants, fine wool cassimere, at \$2, worth \$5.

You Never Did, You Never Will, Buy Good Clothing At These Prices.

Louis & Gus Straus.

LEADING CLOTHIERS,

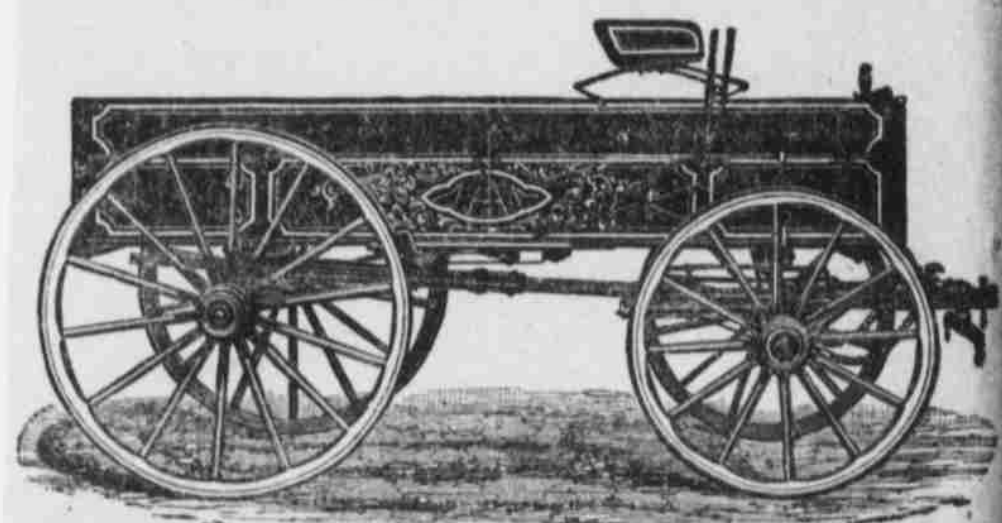
LEXINGTON AND PARIS, KY.

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BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

HOFFMAN'S Insurance Agency.

FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT.

The Safest, Best and MOST RELIABLE Agency in Eastern Kentucky. Rates Reasonable.

ASSETS OVER..... \$280,000.00.
LOSSES PAID..... 275,000.00.

Address A. HOFFMAN, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Bowling Green Business College
THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.
A School of Business, Shorthand, Penmanship, Telegraphy & Typewriting.
HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS.
RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MEN OF COURAGE WANTED.
COURSE OF INSTRUCTION FREE. Cherry Bick, Bowling Green, Ky.

THE HERALD.

Hazel Green Hearsays and Happenings.

John H. Evans took in the Louisville races last week.

J. M. Havens spent several days this week at Goodwins Chapel on business.

John Pieratt returned Tuesday night from Louisville, whither he went on business.

John H. Rose, of this place, is in Covington serving on the Federal court petit jury.

Roland Taulbee, son of Dr. J. B. Taulbee, of Mt. Sterling, left for his home on Monday.

Capt. Tom Henry, of Mt. Sterling, passed through here yesterday morning en route for Salyersville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thompson and daughter have returned from a visit to friends in Morgan county.

P. R. Phillips returned Tuesday from Beattyville, where he had spent a few days with his wife and family.

Miss Laura D. Rawlings returned from a most successful business trip to West Liberty on Tuesday afternoon.

Elder T. S. Tinsley will preach at the old Grassy school house next Sunday afternoon at half past three o'clock.

Improvements are still going on in our town. Judge Swango has had a neat picket fence put in front of his residence.

Harry B. Maupin, representing Reed, Peebles & Co., Portsmouth, Ohio, was a guest of the Day House during the past week.

Henry Pieratt has sold a one-third interest in his store at this place to Curtis Quicksall, and is now invoicing the stock.

J. F. Wood and daughter, Miss Hulda, attended the bedside of his sister, Mrs. G. W. Tyra, of Holly, who is very low with fever.

W. C. Ferguson, representing W. A. Connely, Portsmouth, Ohio, was a guest of the Day House Tuesday night and Wednesday.

Jackson will vote on the 23rd inst., on the question of issuing bonds to bridge the river between the town and the L. & E. depot.

Cures, absolute, permanent cures have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world and the first place among medicines.

The colored wedding which was to have taken place at Daysboro Wednesday night of last week did not come off. The bride flickered.

No wonder that the darkies are so fond of watermelons. They grow wild all over Africa, and were first cultivated in Egypt, B. C. 2500.

There will be preaching at the Gillaspie school house on the 5th Saturday and Sunday in May, by Rev. Willis Lykins and Dr. Gevedon.

The L. & E. railroad now runs an excursion train every Sunday from Lexington to Jackson and return. Read the time card in another column.

There will be services at the Christian church next Sunday at 7:30 p. m., conducted by Elder T. S. Tinsley. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

Marion French, son of B. F. French, of the notorious French-Eversole feud, was shot and instantly killed by John Roberts at Hindman last Saturday night.

Prof. M. C. Marion, well known in this county, has resigned his position as teacher of mathematics at the Jackson collegiate institute, to take effect at the close of the present session.

The rumor circulated here last week that the court house, jail, etc. had burned at Salyersville turns out to be absolutely false. Mr. J. G. Trimble returned from there Tuesday and says there had been no fire.

Dr. F. R. Beattie, of the Louisville Theological Seminary, is holding a series of meetings at the Presbyterian church at Jackson. Dr. Beattie is a scholarly gentleman and has made a fine impression on the mountain people.

Although Mrs. F. N. Day has disposed of her entire stock of millinery goods, notions, etc., and given up the store room formerly occupied by her, she desires to inform her many friends and former patrons that she will still continue in the cutting, fitting and making of dresses at her residence. Thanking her many customers for past favors, she respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

Dr. W. S. Maddox, an old and respected citizen of Wolfe county, died at his home near Lee City on Monday, May 3, aged 54 years, 6 months and 27 days. He had practiced medicine about thirty years, and was an ordained minister in the Baptist church about twenty-four years. He had been twice married and had nine children by his first wife, eight of whom are living, but had none by his second wife, who survives him. Dr. Maddox was an honored member of Mizpah lodge, No. 507, F. & A. M., under whose auspices the funeral took place. A large concourse followed the remains to their last resting place.

Just outside the limits of Jackson Saturday night John Barnett was shot and killed by James Back. Barnett had been working in town all day, and as he was going home from work he stopped at Back's "blind tiger" to get a jug of whisky. He also got drunk and had a difficulty with Back and attempted to shoot him. Back was handy with his gun and winged the festive Barnett before he could bring his forty-four to bear. He died almost instantly. Back is in jail.

Our town was enlivened on Friday and Saturday evenings last by the Weston Specialty company. The entertainment was very unique, consisting of dioramic views, with lectures, and were some of the best ever witnessed in our town; prestidigitation, ventriloquism, hypnotism, and last, but not least, the Lilliputian Family. The Westons gave entire satisfaction, and should they ever come this way again, they will be warmly welcomed.

Henry Pieratt is now doing the livery business of Hazel Green, and is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in every respect. He has three stables, which gives him ample room and he has several good horses and vehicles for hire. Special attention will be given to the care of teams for commercial tourists, and, as his stable is in connection with the Day House, this will be very convenient. See his ad. next week and in the meantime give him your patronage.

The present drouth is the longest and severest of any within a quarter of a century except the spring of 1880, when only two inches of rain fell between February 16 and May 12, for the remainder of May, however, 5.26 inches fell, effecting a general relief. The present drouth is not only confined to this section alone, but extends over the entire country.

The Daysboro colored church will soon have a bell wherewith to call the good Christians of that burg to the house of worship. A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions and a prize was given to the one securing the largest amount. Miss Girty Hagens collected \$1.64 and secured the prize; Miss Myrtle Franklin, \$1.54, and Misses Nellie Gardner, \$1.47.

The new town council appointed by the county court held its first meeting on Tuesday night. The board consists of Prof. W. H. Cord, W. O. Mize, John M. Rose, W. T. Caskey and John W. Craven. They were sworn in by A. P. Lacy, notary public, and organized by electing W. O. Mize chairman and W. H. Pieratt, clerk. G. W. Wheeler was elected police judge.

Chairmen from most of the counties of this congressional district met at Jackson last Saturday either in person or proxy and after a lengthy session which continued till the Sabbath was broken called a convention to nominate a Democratic candidate for congress to meet at Beattyville on June 18. The county mass-meetings are to be held on June 13.

Judge Lewis Apperson, of Mt. Sterling, and Breck Amyx, of this county, last week traded to Eastern parties a boundary of land in Breathitt county to a hotel in Huntington W. Va., and a business house in Columbus, Ohio, the two pieces of property being estimated at \$18,000 to \$20,000. The hotel is now renting for \$1,200 a year.

Prof. W. H. Cord had a narrow escape last Sunday. While driving through Red river, trying to find a suitable place for baptismal ceremonies, his horse got into quicksand, but through presence of mind Mr. Cord saved the horse. The rockaway was gotten out with great difficulty through the assistance of a number of bystanders.

The postoffice at Louisa was broken into Sunday night and robbed of what small change was in the money drawer. The safe was not entered. About \$225 worth of goods, mostly watches, were stolen from the jewelry store, which is kept in the same building.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.

GUS. LUIGART, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

It is hereby ordered that the ordinance relating to the stock running at large on the streets of Hazel Green be enforced in toto from and after the 20th day of May, 1896, and that the clerk post in three of the most public places in said town said ordinances, and cause same to be published in the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

W. O. MIZE, Chairman.
W. H. PIERATT, Clerk.

This May 12, 1896.

11. If any person shall permit his horse, mule, jackass or jennet to run at large in any of the streets or alleys of said town, he shall be fined fifty cents for each offense, and the Marshal is authorized and shall take such animal in charge and safely keep until the fine so imposed is paid and a reasonable fee for taking care of the same, not to exceed fifty cents per day, to be allowed by the Police Judge and taxed as costs.

Any milch cow, ox, steer, calf, goat, sheep or hog running at large within the limits of said town shall be deemed an estray, and it shall be the duty of the Pound Master to impound said animals and post a written or printed notice at some public place in the town of such action, giving a description of said animals and when impounded; Provided, That if the ownership of said estray is known to the Pound Master, he shall be notified at the first offense to remove said estrays from and keep them off the streets and alleys of said town, and after the first offense no notice shall be deemed necessary. When notice has been served as stated, should the owner of the stock fail or refuse to remove from the streets, alleys or highways of the town said stock, he shall be fined one dollar for each head so running at large, and at the expiration of twenty-four hours the estray be impounded. The Pound Master shall receive the following fees for impounding each head: Milch cow, ox, steer or calf, 50c; goat or sheep, 15c; hog, 25c. In addition to the fees as enumerated he shall be allowed a reasonable fee by the Police Judge for keeping said estrays, which shall be taxed as costs.

For account state encampment G. A. R. at Somerset, Ky., the Lexington and Eastern Railway will sell round trip tickets from all stations to Somerset, Ky., at one fare for the round trip, selling dates May 18 and 19, good to return May 23.

Wanted

A good, respectable girl to do the housework for a small family. Good wages to the right party. For further information apply at this office.

I have arranged to keep as much of the traveling public as desire to stop with me. Sample rooms for commercial men. One door west of postoffice. Respectfully,
MRS. ELLEN KASH.

Curtis Quicksall is agent for the Lexington laundry, and when you want first class work take your shirts, collars and cuffs to him. He will take pains with your order and promptly deliver the goods as soon as returned to Hazel Green.

WANTED.—A reliable lady or gentleman to distribute samples and make a house to house canvass for our Vegetable Toilet Soaps and Pure Flavoring Extracts. \$40 to \$75 a month easily made. Address Crofts & Reed, Chicago, Ill. 5-9.

John Buck McIntosh, who was indicted at a recent term of the Hyden circuit court, together with the Hignite brothers, for the killing of the Hon. W. P. Bentley, of Leslie, was killed in the upper edge of Breathitt county on Friday last by a falling tree.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

Store House For Rent.

I have a first class brick store house, situated on one of the best corners in Hazel Green which I desire to rent. John M. Rose has closed out and quit the goods business which leaves a fine opening for a first class store. Call and or address
G. B. SWANGO,
May 6, 1896. Hazel Green, Ky.

Bud Mapel, who has been out west, returned this week.

H. F. PIERATT

Will sell you

FLOUR,

SUGAR,

COFFEE,

At the following prices:

White Pearl Flour, \$2.20 per hundred.

Arbuckle Coffee, 20 cents a pound.

Granulated Sugar, 6 1-4 cts. a pound

All other goods in proportion. Come and see me. I will make you happy, and you will feel like life is worth living. I will sell you some of your goods or some other man will give them to you. This means a Cash transaction. Don't ask for credit.

Respectfully.

H. F. PIERATT.

HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY,

Normal : and : Preparatory : School.

Special courses in Bible, Shorthand and Typewriting, and Ornamental and Plain Drawing.

FULL COURSES SUSTAINED IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. Expenses the Lowest. Discipline the Firmest. Instruction Thorough.

The next term of ten weeks begins MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1896. Special attention and work will be given to those who want to prepare for teaching. All the branches of the Common School Course will be reviewed. The regular courses will be kept up. Whole expense for the ten weeks—Board, tuition, matriculation and washing—is only \$28.

It will be a good time for teachers to review their school work for the coming year.

Send for Catalogue of Particulars.

Wm. H. CORD, Principal.

Hazel Green, Kentucky.

J. TAYLOR DAY,

Dealer in General Merchandise on a Cash Basis.

Largest Stock.—Lowest Prices.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Daily.	No. 3. Sundays only.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	6 50 pm	4 35 pm
Avon.....	9 31 am	6 24 pm	3 55 pm
Winchester..	9 10 am	6 03 pm	2 25 pm
Fairlie.....	8 54 am	5 47 pm	2 00 pm
Indian Flds..	8 37 am	5 31 pm	1 10 pm
Clay City....	8 19 am	5 12 pm	11 40 am
Stanton.....	8 10 am	5 02 pm	11 20 am
Filson.....	7 55 am	4 47 pm	10 48 am
Dundee.....	7 43 am	4 32 pm	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge..	7 38 am	4 27 pm	10 07 am
Torrent.....	7 24 am	4 14 pm	9 35 am
Beatty's Je..	7 03 am	3 52 pm	8 25 am
Three Fks C.	6 53 am	3 42 pm	8 00 am
Athol.....	6 32 am	3 21 pm	7 18 am
Elketawa....	6 08 am	2 58 pm	6 30 am
Jackson.....	6 00 am	2 50 pm	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 2. Daily.	No. 4. Sundays only.	No. 6. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	2 25 pm	7 45 am	6 30 am
Avon.....	2 47 pm	8 15 am	7 08 am
Winchester..	3 07 pm	8 40 am	8 10 am
Fairlie.....	3 21 pm	8 54 am	8 54 am
Indian Flds..	3 37 pm	9 10 am	9 24 am
Clay City....	3 55 pm	9 28 am	11 45 am
Stanton.....	4 05 pm	9 38 am	12 10 pm
Filson.....	4 18 pm	9 51 am	12 41 pm
Dundee.....	4 32 pm	10 05 am	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge..	4 37 pm	10 12 am	1 26 pm
Torrent.....	4 51 pm	10 27 am	2 00 pm
Beatty's Je..	5 16 pm	10 51 am	3 35 pm
Three Fks C.	5 26 pm	11 01 am	3 25 pm
Athol.....	5 48 pm	11 25 am	4 12 pm
Elketawa....	6 12 pm	11 46 am	5 05 pm
Jackson.....	6 20 pm	11 55 am	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & E. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,

Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.

CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

TABLER'S PILE BUCK EYE OINTMENT

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Prepared by RICHARDSON AND CO., ST. LOUIS.

THE ACCIDENTS OF LIFE

Write to T. B. QUINCY, Drawer 155, Chicago, Secretary of the STAR ACCIDENT COMPANY, for information regarding Accident Insurance. Mention this paper. By so doing you can save membership fee. Has paid over \$500,000.00 for accidental injuries.

Be your own Agent.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.

FATFOLLS REDUCED

DR. SNYDER'S PATENT TREATMENT BY MAIL

Without the use of medicine, or any other dangerous means, the fatfoll is reduced to its normal condition. The treatment is simple, and the results are permanent. Write for full particulars to Dr. Snyder, 107 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple way to make money? The Herald is only \$1 a year.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN. : : : KY.

CAUGHT IN THE DRIFT.

Inspector Henderson's raid has been unsuccessful. With two troopers and Sergt. Warren he had rounded up six of the worst lawbreakers on the Canadian side of the line, but, nevertheless, from his standpoint, at any rate, he had failed. The commissioner had suggested that he take at least a dozen men when he set out on his expedition, but Henderson only laughed.

"Give me Harvey and Fields and Warren," he said, "and I'll arrest every half-breed between here and Battleford."

And so he rode away from the post on a crisp January morning with his little squadron jogging through the snow behind. It was a long ride, 30 good miles over the not too well broken trail along the river bottom, and it was dusk before the troopers halted within carbine shot of a long, low, rambling building, which stood in the middle of the prairies, surrounded by several other structures that served as barns and wagon sheds. Lights shown in the lower windows of the house and as Henderson paused to reconnoiter a door opened and a man with a muffled round his throat and his coat buttoned up to his ears stepped out with a lantern in his hand. As he did so he raised his head, and his eyes rested on the little knot of mounted men halted over on the crest of the hill not more than 300 yards away. Then bounding back to the door he lifted the latch and disappeared within the patch of light beyond.

Two minutes later Henderson's fur gauntlet came down with a crash upon the rude panels of the door. Sergt. Warren was right behind him, and Troopers Harvey and Fields stood on either side with their wicked-looking carbines full cocked.

"Vat ees it?" came in cracked half-breed accents from behind the still quivering wood.

"Open the door or I'll kick it in," said Henderson, decisively. "You know who I am and you know what I want."

Slowly the door swung back on its hinges and the inspector and his men entered together. There was no trouble. The men they wanted, smugglers and cattle stealers, gave themselves up without so much as an effort at defense.

"Michel Rene, John Fidele, Joe Snake, Dominick Levine, Angus McLean and Philip Leseur," said Henderson, half to himself, as he ran over the names, keeping tally by short nods in the direction of each man mentioned.

"Six in all," he repeated slowly, and then wheeling sharply on his heel so that his spurs jingled as he turned, he faced the owner of the house.

"And Big Martin?" he queried, "where is he?"

Old Simon Michaud, whom his half-breed friends had nicknamed Simon the Crane, because of his long, thin legs and great, bony nose, wriggled under the question and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"He ees not in ze house, sair. He haf not pass zis vay since Chrissimas. Ve haf—"

"That will do," interrupted Henderson. "I know you're the biggest liar in the northwest, and I believe you're lying to me now. Sergt. Warren, take Harvey and search the place, barns and all; Fields, you stay with me and mount guard over the prisoners."

The sergeant and trooper did as they were bid, and Henderson settled himself



"OPEN THE DOOR."

in a chair by the table to await their return. First, however, he unbuckled his belt, and, after removing a big revolver from the holster, threw it on the table beside him. Inspector Henderson was not much beyond 35, tall, gaunt and square-shouldered, with arms of phenomenal length and hands that could grip like a vise. His brother officers at the post were fond of calling him the "uncanny" Scot, because there was an air of taciturnity and mystery about him that baffled inquiry into his antecedents. He was known, however, to have been a Sandhurst man and to have held a commission in a Gurkha regiment that got badly cut up in one of the several Afghan expeditions. When, after six years of service in her majesty's Anglo-Indian army, he sent in his resignation on account of some

liver trouble and sailed home on the Junna. It was with the intention of again taking service in some semi-military organization in a more temperate section of the empire. So he joined the Cape mounted rifles six months after landing at Portsmoutz and was knocked out by fever while engaged in a small raid upon the unhealthy territory of some miserable little African chief. Then he left the cape and went to Canada, where family interest and his Sandhurst training combined to secure him a lieutenant's commission in the Northwest mounted police. Thereafter his rise to the post of inspector came as reward for good service, particularly in the second Riel rebellion. He was a determined man, and when any hard or difficult work was to be done Commissioner Lawrence always sent for Inspector Henderson, and the trust was never misplaced. Henderson invariably fulfilled his mission to the utmost, and that was why in the present instance he chose to consider his raid a failure because the prime outlaw of the lot had eluded his clutches.

"If I could catch Martin," he said to himself, "it would round out the job in shipshape style."

Half an hour later Sergt. Warren reported to the inspector that a thorough search of the premises had failed to disclose any trace of Big Martin. A watch was set on the prisoners and Inspector Henderson threw himself on a long, hard settee with the intention of taking a nap. It must have been midnight when he awoke with the startled feel-



A GAUNT WHITE HAND PROTRUDED.

ing of a man who has seen a horrible vision in his sleep. The wind was whistling around the house in the maddest fashion and as Henderson raised himself on his elbow some fine particles of snow sifted in through the crevices of a nearby window and fell upon his face. The floor creaked in the next room and through the half open door Henderson saw, or thought he saw, a huge shadow glide past. He was on his feet in an instant and gave the alarm. A moment later there was a clinking of carbine locks as Warren and Harvey answered the inspector's signal. Then came a crash of glass from the next room and a gust blew a cloud of snow in the faces of the three men who sprang to the shattered window. A man was floundering along through the drift a good hundred yards from the house. A sharp tongue of fire shot out into the darkness and a Remington bullet sang past the fugitive's head. But he never paused for an instant.

A moment later the entire establishment was gathered around Inspector Henderson, who stood with his hand on the door latch.

"It ain't safe, sir, to go after him such a night as this," remonstrated Sergt. Warren in his usual respectful fashion; "it's a blowin' hard from the northwest and a man wd freeze to death on the prairie."

"Zat is so," promptly interposed Simon the Crane, "an' beside ze groun' dreeft—he is drefful bad."

"You rascal," snapped Henderson, turning upon the last speaker, "you had him hidden here all the time waiting to let him loose when we left. No, Warren, I'll do this thing myself. There's no need to risk anyone else and I'll catch Big Martin, ground drift or no ground drift," and with a last glance at the cylinder of his pistol he passed out into the night.

He was as good as his word. He caught Big Martin half a mile along the edge of the trail that led from Simon Michaud's house and here, two days later, Capt. Jackson, with a squad of six troopers, found a little hillock of drifted snow from which a gaunt white hand protruded. When they dug Inspector Henderson out his other hand was fastened on Big Martin's throat and the half breed's face looked up at the winter skies with an expression of unutterable agony frozen upon its distorted features.

"I thought Henderson had more sense than to try and face a ground drift at midnight," was Capt. Jackson's comment as he escorted the bodies back to the post.

"Ze groun' dreeft," mumbled Simon the Crane, "he ees t'ree times as bad as ze snowstorm."—Brook yn Eagle.

—Of all scientific professions once allied with theology, astronomy and medicine have, perhaps, become most hostile. It was a common priestly saying in the middle ages that where there were three doctors there were two atheists, and it has been aptly pointed out that in all the starry host of heaven there is not a planet or a star called by the name of saint or angel.

BREAKING A RECORD.

BY ROBERT BARR.

The manager of the London & Glasgow air line railway, Mr. Swipes, sent me an invitation marked "private," saying that he was bound to beat the record made by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad now that they had come out in print about it. He added that he thought record breaking in the night time all right enough, if the record breaker did not say anything about it in public, but if newspaper accounts were to be written then the race should be open to outside parties who might wish to know the time without asking a policeman. He added that when the New York Central broke the English record they did so with their Empire State express, which anyone could have traveled on who had the money to pay his fare. This, he claimed, was the right way of breaking a record if you are going to write about it afterward. Nevertheless he was going to follow the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern fashion, just to see what his railroad could do, and he invited me, as a person owning an American watch, to come upon the trip, but begged me to say nothing whatever about it, for, he said, instead of breaking the record, we might perhaps break our necks. He added that he regretted that he owned only an old silver turnip of a watch himself which wouldn't split the minutes, let alone the seconds, and so he would like to have a really good watch with which to keep the time. I was to meet him at the London terminus of the London & Glasgow air line at exactly 12, midnight, three weeks ago. There was some little risk in going out at that hour, for it is well known that one of the most obnoxious and oppressive laws made by Queen Victoria herself is that every man in London must be in his own house at 5:40 o'clock, and have lights out and be in bed at nine. Anyone out after that hour is liable to arrest, so I stole up and down through by streets and dodged the policemen until I came to the terminus. Here I was amazed to find an immense locomotive and one flat car, with two camp stools on it.

"What's this for?" I said to Swipes.

"We're going to break the record with this train," he replied, "I want to have it as light as possible, for an ordinary carriage meets with such resistance in passing so quickly through the atmosphere that I concluded to take a freight car, and if we have a smash-up it won't be so expensive."

"But you don't expect me to sit on one of those stools in the open air from here to Glasgow?" I cried, aghast.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "The stools are fastened to the floor of the car, and I have shawl straps with which you can fasten yourself to the stool. There won't be any trouble on that score."

"Where are the other fellows?" I asked.

"There aren't any," he answered. "When you are going to break a record the fewer you have on board the better; watches differ, and it would be bad if there was a quarrel about time. Your watch shall be the only official time piece in the company; mine, as I think I told you in the letter, generally loses two hours out of the 24, so I think we had better not trust to it."

I strapped myself to one stool and Swipes strapped himself to the other and at 12:15 we pulled out of Marylebone terminus. It was agreed that we were not to begin the record until we had passed Highgate, and were thus safely out of the influence of London.

The distance from London to Glasgow is 401.5 miles. We had for engineer Peter McGump, who was a Scotchman, and therefore knew the road to Glasgow well, and Billy Jones, of Whitechapel, did the firing. We had no brakeman, because, as Swipes said, it was not on the brakes we were going to depend for breaking the record.

The engine was known as the Mary Jane, and familiar to all the operators on the road as "Her Golden Hair Is Hangin' Down 'er Back." She gets this nickname from her great speed, and from the fact that the smoke with the sparks in it trails out behind like a great banner.

After leaving Highgate Peter gave her more steam, and the speed began to be something appalling.

"Oh, it's nothing to what we'll have by and by," said Swipes, as he watched me making an ineffectual grab at my hat, which disappeared in the darkness. Swipes counted the mile-stones while I ticked off the seconds on my watch, and before long we were going 70 miles an hour. We had the advantage over the American road in the fact that there are rarely any level road crossings in England, and that one railway is never allowed to cross another on the level. By the time we passed Tond-in-the-Hole we were doing 85 miles an hour, but as the Lake Shore train has attained a speed of 92.3, Swipes yelled to Peter as well as he could to give her more speed, because if she didn't put in her best legs now, what could we expect when we came to the high grounds and the stiff grades of the midlands? This shouting of Swipes, however, had no effect, because we were going so fast that his words never reached Peter, who stood with his hand on the lever, watching grimly the track in front. As Swipes continued to shout out the mile posts, I cried:

"Hold on, it's the telegraph poles you are counting."

"No, it isn't," he replied, "it's the mile posts."

"Nonsense," I cried. "At that rate we are going at the rate of 108 miles an hour."

"A hundred and eight it is then," he said. "Stoke her up, Peter."

I then called the general manager's attention to the fact that it was not etiquette to tell an engine driver to "stoke up," as that duty was performed by Billy Jones. He apparently learned for the first time that engineers do not do their own stoking, and he thanked me for the information. At last the mile stones passed so rapidly that Swipes could not keep track of them, so we abandoned the attempt to count them and took only the stations.

As we had a record of the distance between them. I saw now by making a calculation between two stations that we were going at the rate of 160.45 an hour, and my hair would have stood on end were it not for the fact that it was standing straight out behind. The oscillation was somewhat dreadful, and once I realized with horror as we swung around a curve that all four wheels were off the track, and that we were flying in mid-air; luckily, however, the wheels came down on the rails and all was well once more. By this time the stations passed us in one continuous streak, as if we were running through the suburbs of a big city, and I was wondering all the time when we would come to the town, but finally I realized that it was impossible to keep time with my excellent watch, and so we would have to lump the thing by calculating how long it took us to come from London to Glasgow. The lid of my watch, which I now inadvertently exposed to the breeze, snapped and blew away, and I saw that the gold of the hunting case was beginning to flake off, so I put it in my pocket to save the rest of it. I knew it was not yet two hours since we left London, and to my amazement I spied the spires of Glasgow. I recognized the place because I was born there.

"That can't be Glasgow," I shouted to Swipes. "If it is we have traveled something like 200 miles in an hour, and the Lord only knows what speed we attained in making up for the time when we were crawling on at 70 and 80."

"That's Glasgow all right enough," said Swipes. Then he yelled to Peter: "For heaven's sake, shut off steam! Don't you see where we are?"

But Peter was struggling with his engine, and all at once he yelled back at us:

"I can't stop her, sir!"

"Heavens and earth!" said I. "What is to be done?"

"I don't know," said Swipes. "It's my own fault. I told Peter in the hearing of the engine, and she is one of the cutest engines on the road, that we were bound to break the American record, which is 510 miles. You see, it's only 401.5 miles to Glasgow, and I'll bet you that brute is bound to do the other 109 miles to-night, even if she has to do it on the highway. The railway stops at Glasgow, and I don't know what's going to happen."

As he concluded the sentence there was a crash and a bang, and the next moment we were in the principal street of Glasgow tearing along the rails of the street car line. Luckily, the same law being in force as was in London, nobody was out on the streets, and so we went at the rate of 84.75 miles an hour up the main thoroughfare of Glasgow and finally struck the north road for the Highlands. Peter was struggling all the time with his engine, but could not make any progress in his endeavor to stop her.

When we got about 50 miles on the main road from Glasgow, sometimes slowing down to 65 miles an hour, on the hills, Peter with a white face turned toward us and shouting:

"My God, sir, we're on the Craigneputtoch Loch road, and the Craigneputtoch Loch is at the end of it about 50 miles ahead."

"How far is it from London?" yelled Swipes, putting his hands beside his mouth to make the sound carry.

"The middle of Craigneputtoch Loch is just 510 miles from London, and it is over 1,000 feet deep in the middle," shouted Peter.

"There's where she's making for," cried Swipes, unbuckling the straps and clinging to the stool.

The hills now rose grandly around us in the darkness and we saw the black water of the loch.

"Jump, Peter, jump!" cried Swipes, as he threw off the straps.

Peter did so, and I cut the strap that held me. Instantly we were all—Peter, the stoker, Swipes and myself—lying on the hillside on the heather. The doomed train had plunged right into the center of the lake. It had completed its 510-mile race and used up the fraction by sinking 1,000 feet to the bottom.

Luckily, none of us were hurt in the slightest, with the exception that Swipes sustained a compound fracture of the thigh, Peter had both arms broken, Jones had all his ribs and one ankle smashed, while I had my veracity sprained so badly that no one has ever been able to believe a word I have uttered since.—Detroit Free Press.

—To dream that you are kissing somebody means that an unknown friend will shortly confer upon you a great benefit.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Advertisement in a Cleveland paper: "Wanted—Cooking in private family, where second girl is kept without washing. Address box 143."

—Theodora—"They say Miss B. celebrated her 16th birthday by attending the Leap Year ball." Priscilla—"What? A female medical student so young?" Theodora—"The ball was held on February 29, you know."—Wrinkle.

—Mr. Crimsonbeak—"The time for a person to learn is when he is young. As a proof of this, remember that a man never forgets his letters." Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"He may not forget his own, but I take notice he often forgets those of his wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Brown—"Just had a talk with Thumpmann, the pianist. He says that in the early part of his career the critics assailed him without mercy." Robinson—"Must have been discouraging." Brown—"It was. At one time he was on the point of having his hair cut."—Brooklyn Life.

—Charley is so tender-hearted," said young Mrs. Torkins to her husband's friend. "Is he?" "Yes. Last night, when he came home late, I heard him tell somebody who had walked that far with him that the kitty was doing well. Just think of a man as busy as he is taking so much interest in a poor dumb animal!"

—Mr. Crusht—"This is the anniversary of our wedding day, love. Today we have been married a year." Mrs. Crusht—"That's right, dearest; and what do you think of married life in the light of the year's experience?" Mr. Crusht—"I don't think at all, love; you have relieved me of all necessity for that."—Richmond Dispatch.

—Diamonds. Innumerable.—"Excuse me, Mr. Farnothing," said the London lady to her very wealthy acquaintance, "but isn't mining very interesting?" "Very, ma'am." "I am very ignorant on that score. Tell me, do diamonds come in quart?" "Oh, I suppose some people that work on a small scale get 'em that way; but I had 'em comin' in gallons, ma'am."—Washington Star.

HUNTING DOWN A BANDIT.

A Story That Illustrates Some Phases of Life in Corsica.

The other day I told your readers the story of Bonelli, who secured the price put on the head of a well-known brigand by murdering an old pilgrim and poisoning off his body as that of the brigand. An even stranger story remains to be told about the brigand himself. Casanova, commonly called Cappa, was already dead when Bonelli was beheaded. The story of his death is picturesque, and it breathes the ancient faithfulness and honor of the Corsican character.

"An Ajaccian friend," writes a correspondent in the island, "tells me that Cappa was horrified by the conduct of Bonelli, and, none the less, much affected by the news of the murderer's arrest. Cappa felt himself hemmed in on all sides, and fled to the mountains of Prunelli-di-Sium-Orbo. This district has been long famous for the courage and hardness of its sons. In Louis XVIII's reign a few of its hillmen kept 5,000 soldiers at bay. Here Cappa withdrew and hid himself in a lonely valley, watched over by shepherd friends, and here the hunted outlaw fell sick. The mountaineers tended him as well as they were able. An old priest also ministered to his comfort, and, while succoring the needy body, tried as well to play the 'soul friend' to the bandit. He influenced Cappa subtly to make him promise never again to use gun or knife in killing a fellow man."

"Cappa was still ill when the annual festa of a distant village came around. The shepherds had no fears for their guest. They did not know that spies were set to watch him. The men of the valley were seen leaving the place, and information was sent to the nearest gendarmerie. The sick man had with him only a few children, some of whom kept a look-out."

"The police, who were not in strong force, ventured with grave misgivings into the dangerous, scarcely known region. On perceiving them the youngsters gave the alarm, and the weak and ailing bandit seized his gun, making down a narrow path for a wall, beyond which was the Magnis—the outlaws' asylum, 'the heather' of the Scottish royalists, otherwise dear life, safety! When he had all but gained the wall he saw a single gendarme close to him."

"Cappa was a dead shot. In an instant he had covered his enemy. But he remembered his solemn promise to the old priest. He dropped his weapon and let the gendarme go free. The police are under orders to shoot down bandits as a keeper shoots down vermin. This fellow, of course, fired. Cappa was hard hit, but he dragged himself across the fence and into the thick covert, far he could not go. On his knees, clasping his gun with one arm, and with the other grasping a tree bole, his pursuers found him some hours afterward, stark and cold, quite dead."—Westminster Gazette.

Self-Evident.

Bacon—Isaacs made his initial speech at the dinner, last night.

Egbert—What do you mean by his initial speech?

"Why, nearly every other word was I."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE FARMING WORLD.

PLANTING POTATOES.

Deep, Mellow Soil, Kept in Good Tilt, Gives the Best Results.

There are two advantages in planting potatoes reasonably deep. One is they are less liable to be injured by drought. The other is that there is no necessity for hilling up to prevent sun-scald. To grow and yield well potatoes require considerable moisture. If the soil is stirred thoroughly and deep and the planting is deep they will be more certain of securing plenty of moisture than when the plowing and planting are shallow.

Keeping the surface level and in a good tilt aids in retaining moisture in the soil.

A deep, mellow, loose soil kept in a good tilt gives the best results with all crops. Run out the furrows with a single shovel plow, plant reasonably deep, cover well. If good drainage is provided and there is not too much danger of washing, it will be best not to fill up the furrows entirely, but to do this gradually as the cultivation is given. The potatoes may be planted deeper this way than would be best if all of the covering must be given at once.

Have the soil rich, and if there is not enough well-rotted manure to make the necessary fertility, it will be a good plan to use a commercial fertilizer, applying it in the hill before the seed is planted.

If the soil is well-prepared before planting the cultivation can begin with the harrow and generally the first harrowing can be given before the plants show above ground and a second very soon after. In this way the soil can be kept in a good tilt and the weeds destroyed at low cost.

If the planting is shallow, more or less hilling up will be necessary in order to prevent sun-scald, and the soil will dry out more rapidly, often to an extent to seriously affect the growth and yield.—St. Louis Republic.

A SOUTHERN OPINION.

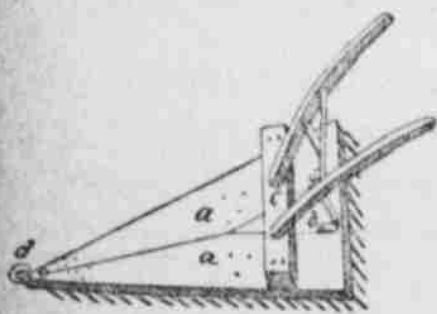
The Road Problem Is Asserting Itself in the Cotton States.

The subject of improved public highways is attracting a large share of public attention. In the opinion of the Southern Farm Gazette, of Starkville, Miss., good roads is one great need of the day in the cotton states. In order to have better roads, it is necessary to reorganize our present general plans of road working, and adopt more modern and more effective methods. It seems that it would be a wise plan to utilize county convicts in connection with this line of work. These convicts are usually a burden on the county. They should be worked. They should be worked for profit. What better profit can the tax payers desire than the profit arising from better public roads? Better roads are indirectly a profit to every farmer that travels over them. The better the road, the less strain upon the team and the wagon and the harness and the patience of the driver. The better the road, the greater the saving of time in going from one mile to another, and the greater ease with which the burden of freight is transported.

GARDEN CULTIVATOR.

Its Designer Claims That It Reduces Work to a Minimum.

To make a garden cultivator as illustrated below, dress two pieces of hard wood two by eight inches by four feet, as shown at a. It should have a spread of two feet at the rear end.



HOMEMADE GARDEN CULTIVATOR.

Cut another piece, b, to fit between the main pieces at the rear. Another piece of four by four in material should be spiked across the three pieces. Drive through the upper side 20 penny spikes, slanting them back well. Fill the wood, keeping the spikes about two inches apart. Attach to handles securely, as shown in the cut, fasten the whiffletree hook and the harrow is complete. While this harrow is handy for numerous crops, it is especially valuable among strawberries.—J. B. Mathews, in Farm and Home.

Good Roads Increase Trade.

Maarice Thompson, the poet and naturalist, of Crawfordville, Ind., says: "A successful business man said to me, all good roads run down hill; by which he meant that traffic flowed like water along a pleasant highway. Show me a flourishing town, and I will prove to you that it is a basin into which good highways pour their streams. I know that this is true in Indiana. There is not a genuinely flourishing town within our state which is fed by ill-kept roads. Mind colors whatever it comes in touch with, even the temper and aspirations of men and women. Who can keep in a good humor with clay on his feet?"

PREVENTING PEACH ROT.

It Can Be Accomplished by Early Spraying, at Small Cost.

Rot is one of the worst enemies of early peaches, but it can be controlled by proper spraying, and at a cost of less than two cents per tree for each spraying. At the Delaware experiment station, five or six sprayings increased the yield threefold, and of this total yield the amount of sound fruit was increased from three to fourfold, making a total increased yield of sound fruit at least tenfold on trees sprayed, at a cost of 10 or 12 cents per tree, compared to the unsprayed. The first application was made when the fruit buds began to swell; the second just before the fruit buds opened; the third when the petals had fallen; the fourth when the fruit was the size of peas; the fifth when the fruit began to color, and the sixth about two weeks later. It is doubtful if the last two sprayings are really necessary in most seasons.

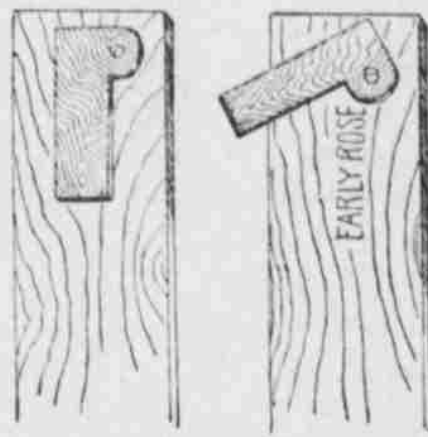
The best success followed the use of a weakened bordeaux mixture, made of six pounds bluestone or sulphate of copper and six pounds lime, to 45 gallons of water. After the first and second sprayings, add three ounces paris green to this formula, as a protection against insects. Another equally good fungicide (but the paris green should not be used with it) is copper acetate, eight ounces to 45 gallons of water. There was twice as much rot with two sprayings as with four or six. Neither of these formulas will injure the foliage.

It is important that two of the sprayings be done before the bloom opens. Five applications made and begun after the bloom was nearly shed were considerably less effective than when two were made before the bloom opened. Four applications made after fruit had set were less effective than two made before the bloom opened. When two applications were made, better results were obtained when one of these was applied before the buds opened, and again when the fruit was about one-half size, than when both were made before the bloom opened.—American Agriculturist.

FOR MARKING PLANTS.

A Label Which Is Proof Against Heat and Stormy Weather.

Where one has several varieties of the same kind of plants, or is trying new varieties, it is always desirable to put a marker at the end of the rows. A piece of lath with the name marked



IMPROVED LABEL.

upon the end with a lead pencil is the common plan, but before the end of the season the pencil mark is usually nearly, if not wholly, effaced. A simple plan is shown in the accompanying sketch. The lath and the name in lead pencil is used as usual, but over the name is fastened a bit of wood, as shown in the engraving, to protect the marking from the weather. A thin strip of wood, a few small screws and a jack-knife are all that are needed, and a dozen of such markers can be prepared in a few moments.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Antiquated Methods Must Go.

The old-style corduroy highway was a well enough thing in the pioneer period, and the old system of spilling the highways and throwing dirt from the side into the center of the pike was doubtless the proper thing in its day, but the farmer who worked out his taxes in this way has learned at last that it has been a costly as well as a worthless proceeding, and he is now among the reformers. There has been too much destruction in wagon tires and springs. The farm carriage has been too often wrecked in the ruts, and farm stock has suffered. This loss has finally appealed to the pocket, and the farmers who have been figuring out profit and loss on the old system are now the advocates of the new. Permanent road improvement is here to stay and grow, and as the movement spreads through well-directed methods the area of good roads will be not only gradually extended this year, but will rapidly increase. The farmer who looks after the road over which his farm products are taken to market is the farmer who now saves money, even when the price of his products is low.—Cycling Gazette.

Placing Berries on the Market.

The cost of placing berries on the market depends somewhat on locations and the manner in which it is done. For good berries, carefully picked, in clean, new boxes, well packed and honestly measured, it may be estimated by the quart as follows: Cost of growing ready for picking, two cents; picking, one and one-half cents; boxes, one cent; cases, packing and delivery, one cent; freight or express charges, one and one-half cents; commission for selling, one cent; actual cost on market, eight cents per quart.—Farmers Voice.

KNOW THYSELF.

Science Helps You to Be Your Own Doctor.

The Story of a Woman Who Kept Posted on the Work of Science and Saved Her Own Life.

From the Era, Bradford, Pa.

Too few people are acquainted with the rapid advance of medical science, and too many doctors are still plodding in the old paths. Once it comes to pass that people know themselves, that all physicians are abreast of the world's knowledge, much of our suffering will come to an end. Medical scientists are not delving into the depths of knowledge for the mere benefit of brother physicians, but for the benefit of the world. They place in the hands of the well man a means of keeping well, in the hands of the sick a means of recovery. To the parent they give the power of saving the child. Science is working for you—will you accept the proffered help?

Mrs. George Rowend, an estimable lady who resides at No. 223 East Main Street, has cause to feel grateful toward the science of medicine.

One day recently, a reporter, learning that Mrs. Rowend had been greatly benefited by the use of a new medicine, interviewed her. She stated that she had been suffering with a female trouble for many years. She had been doctored for the ailment for a long time—in fact, nearly all her life—and had never received anything more than temporary relief. During the last three years her condition grew worse and was aggravated by an affection of the heart. Her health was so poor that she found it almost impossible to perform her household duties.

"I never believed in proprietary medicines," said Mrs. Rowend, "but one day last fall I read an article in a newspaper which told of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try the medicine. Before I had taken the contents of one box I began to feel better. The depressive weakness which had bothered me for so many years began to disappear, and the action of the heart at once became stronger and more regular."

"I took nine boxes of the pills and I am now feeling better than I have for several years, and I have unbounded faith in the medicine."

Mrs. Rowend is steadily gaining in health and strength and gives all the credit for her restoration to health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

WYSON—"This physiognomist says that aggressive, impulsive people generally have black eyes." Knows—"If not at first, they get them later."—Truth.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. Hafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WHEN kings make war no law betwixt two sovereigns can decide but that of arms, where fortune is the judge, soldiers the lawyers and the bar the field.—Dryden.

Cheap Excursions to the West and North-west.

On April 21 and May 5, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kneib, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Our dangers and delights are near allies, from the same stem the rose and prickly rise.—Shakespeare.



SYRUP OF FIGS.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Tilting Up a Whole Continent.
The west coast of South America for about 100,000 square miles was raised in some places three feet and in other places six feet in the short space of a few hours.

Most men have more courage than even they themselves think they have.—Greville.

DROPSY
Thirsted from
Exhaustion
Weakness
Swelling
Pain
Ten days treatment
FURNISHED FREE by mail
DR. J. M. STEWART & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.
ORDER THIS PAPER only this day with.

Pain often concentrates all its misery in
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Use **ST. JACOBS OIL** if you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

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As good as can be made regardless of price

5 1/3 Ounces
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In Home, and for Gifts.
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One Pink Pill touches the liver and removes the bile.
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Daniel on Silver.

The following open letter from Senator John W. Daniel to Mr. W. O. Hardaway, of Roanoke, in answer to an invitation to the senator to address the Roanoke silver Democrats explains itself:

Washington, D. C., April 23, '96.

W. O. Hardaway, Esq., Roanoke, Va.
My Dear Sir:—Permit me to express my acknowledgements and thanks for your esteemed favor inviting me on behalf of the silver Democrats of Roanoke to address them on the 2nd of May next.

In these closing days of congress, with appropriation bills pressing for consideration, I doubt if it will be possible for me to be with you upon that occasion; but it has long been my conviction that a return to the bimetallic system which so long prevailed in this country is necessary to the prosperity of our people, and I would, therefore, be pleased to address the meeting if it were practicable to do so.

If the negative prophecies, the accumulated public debts, the paralyzed industries, the revenue deficits, the commercial failures, the increased taxes, and the falling prices of land, produce and labor which have followed upon the gold standard plans which the Democracy was beguiled to adopt in company with the Republicans, if these experiences of the last three years have not opened the eyes of the people to the folly of closing their mints and destroying their constitutional money, it would seem vain to argue the matter. Some seem to imagine that the question whether or not we shall have the free coinage of silver as it existed prior to 1873 comprehends the financial issues we have to deal with, and I do not think it is generally appreciated that the silver question is the pivotal point on which turns the whole scheme of financial revision.

Associated with the silver question, and more or less dependent upon it, are the questions of enlarging to a vast degree our public debt, and of retiring our greenback currency and certificates. Indeed, our whole currency system is in confusion, and this confusion can only be corrected by restoring bimetallicism or by destroying existing circulation.

It is agreed on all hands that we should keep our mints open to the free coinage of gold, and that there must be radical reform as to other elements of our currency. The necessity for reform arises from the fact that we have outstanding \$346,000,000 of greenback paper money, payable in coin (not gold only); some \$133,000,000 of coin certificates issued under the Sherman act of 1890, and some \$883,000,000 of silver certificates issued under the Bland-Allison act of 1878. In all, a body of \$862,000,000 of paper money—or half of all our existing circulation.

Unless we restore silver as a money of redemption we must retire this paper money; and if we retire it we must issue bonds to buy gold to pay it off in. Should we retire it, there will be such a vast contraction of our present currency that there will be a farther and greater fall in prices of lands and commodities, a paralysis of trade, and probably another panic, greater than any we have yet seen. Agriculturists, mechanics, merchants, and banks would be involved in widespread ruin by such further contraction of the currency, and prosperous conditions indefinitely postponed.

It is easy to criticize and object. There are great impediments and difficulties to be encountered in any and all directions; but it must be realized that we are at the forks of the road on this question, and that we must go one way or the other. Even the tentative steps towards the gold standard have so reduced our revenues that we have already borrowed \$262,000,000 of gold, without securing any permanent relief. More debts and more taxes are the only prospects on this line.

Recognizing how difficult it is to move in any direction, but appreciating that move we must, I am of the opinion that the most conservative and safe movement we can make would be to proceed according to the plan outlined in the national Democratic platform of 1892, which embodied the coinage of both gold and silver, "without discriminating against either metal, or charge for mintage," and the removal of the 10 per cent. destroying tax that shuts off state banks. This plan was unanimously endorsed in the Democratic convention; it had the approval of the people in the presidential election, and had it been pursued I do not believe the Democratic party would have met such a disastrous defeat as that which followed its sudden turn-off from its own declarations and toward the gold standard.

It is quite evident that the people are in no mood to tolerate straddles or other

devices that look both ways. I believe the most courageous and direct course to be the safest course; and that the rule of the majority is the only rule which can tend toward harmony, and the integrity of organization.

The state votes as a unit for president, whether in the electoral college or in congress. Only the state is recognized in national conventions as a constituent body. If the Democratic people of Virginia are for free silver, it would seem but right and just that they should say so, as they did four years ago, and as they did in the state election, when Governor McKinley was nominated and elected. Certainly no man would wish to represent them otherwise than in accordance with their wishes; and, if they are for free silver, would it not be becoming and just and in accordance with the true principles of the Democratic party and of Republican government that their wishes should be respected?

Wishing you and your associates success, I am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

—Peninsula Enterprise, Accomac, Va.

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Of all the people need to take a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season to prevent that run down and debilitated condition which invites disease. The money invested in half a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will come back with large returns in the health and vigor of body and strength of nerves.

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The New Democratic Handbook.

The new Democratic Hand-Book is now ready for distribution.

Much care, thought, and labor has been expended in its compilation and it is offered to Democrats with the assurance that it contains absolutely authentic information, not published elsewhere, of the party organization in every precinct, county, and political division of the state.

In addition to complete and accurate lists of state and county executive committees and the names of their officers, it contains lists of the counties composing each legislative, senatorial, circuit court, appellate, railroad commissioner, and congressional district, and the name and address of the chairman of each committee. It also contains the rules of the state central committee adopted under the authority of the last state convention, platform of the party, state and national, tables showing the vote of the state by counties and districts, and statistics of interest and value to every Democrat and citizen. One of its features is the correct name and address of every county officer in the state, and a court calendar revised, and brought down to the date of adjournment of the last legislature.

It is an indispensable record for all Democratic office-holders, those who are seeking, or expect to seek office, and of great interest to all who have held office in the commonwealth. In fact, it constitutes a record of permanent value to the party, and will enable those having its interest and welfare at heart to organize more efficiently in the future than they have ever been able to do in the past.

To cover the cost of compiling the matter and printing the book, the price of 50 cents has been placed upon it, and it is hoped that every Democrat in the state will be willing to incur such a small expenditure toward a record of such value to the party.

Orders will receive prompt attention. Address R. H. Ingram, Sec., Louisville, Kentucky.

A woman's "guess" is more accurate than a man's certainty. Your wife "guesses" that your sick-headaches come from your stomach and are the results of a slight attack of biliousness. She is probably right, and you can completely cure them at a cost of only 25 cents by asking your druggist for Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills. One little pill and a few of the Tonic Pellets will make you feel like a new creature. Two medicines, two benefits two values, but one price. Sample dose free.

The day has come when teachers must teach, not by precept but by example, for "Example sheds a genial ray which men are apt to borrow."

The school without song is dead. How much more cheerfully we go through a day's work that is begun with a song!

But, says one, I can not sing. Then you have no business in the profession. Singing is a part of a child's education, and youth is the time for instruction.



IT TICKLES YOU THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

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HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
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An absolutely infallible and never-failing remedy for all forms of headache—no matter what the cause—and also a ready relief for every pain flesh is heir to. 50 cents a box.

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The wonderful sales of this remedy within the past few years, and the continued increase in sales week by week, together with the many testimonials tendered us as to its effectiveness stamp it as a sure shot for this dread disease. When you become disgusted with the so-called specifics get a box of WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE and find ready relief. 50 cents a box.

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A wonderful remedy for the cure of all external diseases of man and beast. 50 cents a bottle.

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An indispensable household remedy for all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver, stomach and bowels, kidney difficulties and blood derangements. 50 cents a bottle.

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A specific for biliousness, headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, and other kindred ailments. 35 pills 25 cents.

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A substitute for Quinine. Cures all forms of malaria, intermittent fever, neuralgia, etc., etc. 25 pills 25 cents.

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